

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, June 22. 1708.

WELL, good People, and we have got a *Whig* Parliament, you say, have we? — I do not say I am so sure of it, as you are, who have compared Men and Things, and know the Character of People. — But as I have taken the Freedom to tell you what a *Tory* Parliament will do, shall I tell you what a *Whig* Parliament may do? I do not say they will do it all; for even the *Whigs* do not always do for us what they ought to do. — But what I hope they will do, and what I am sure they should do; Of that I shall say a Word or two.

But first you will say I am begging the Question, and I have not prov'd that we have a *Whig* Parliament. I shall answer

this a great many ways, and perhaps none of them may please, and who can help that? if it does not please some People, it may please me the better, *it may be*, for that. — But now as to having a *Whig* Parliament, 1. The *Jacobites*, the *High-Flyers* or *Tories*, what you please to call them, they say, we have ~~it~~. — And I am always for quoting *themselves* against *themselves*; I am sure, *if it is so*, it is not as they would have it be, and Folk are always most likely to speak true, when they speak against their own Wishes.

In the next Place, honest People hope it. — And when I say the *honest* People, I don't mean the Fools among the honest People, *acknowledging by the way*, that there are honest

honest Fools in the World; but I mean some of those People, *Solomon* speaks of, when he says, *their Eyes are in their Heads*, that is, where they should be; People that look round them, and can tell Noses; those Sort of People, that when they read Names, *know the Men*, that are Judges of Character, and know their right-hand Friends from their left-hand Friends; even among these People it is the general Opinion, that we have a *Whig* Parliament.

Well, but shall we speak a little as to Particulars in the Case, and name PLACES; why truly, it would be a pretty way to name Persons by describing the Places, and I know a Circular Satyr would please you all, for you love any thing that is ill-natur'd, and I could do it to the Life on this Occasion——But that wicked Itch of Characterising is not always to be gratify'd, and therefore you must go without it for the present.

And to what Purpose would it be to tell you, that here a F—, or there a K—, here a good-for-nothing *Whig*, and there a Mischief-loving *Tory*, is got in or turn'd out?—What if I should tell you, in the true *High-Flying* Dialect, that S——k according to Custom has furnish'd herself with a Couple of d——d *Whigs*—S—— with two red-hot *Tories*, that the City of—— halving it between *GOD* and *Baal*, with a Milk and Water Composition, have shewn themselves true-good-for-little, nothing-thinking, Linsey-Woolsey Protestants, that neither add to, nor diminish from the Scale of Parties, but resolve to stand in the middle of the Nation, and signifie just nothing; That the Town of H—— have rejected their old Party-riding, Whig-aborring, Queen-insulting-Members, and have mended their Hands of-late, by Way of Caution to some People to mend their Manners: I know, this ill-natur'd Stuff would please you all very well, but at present I am not dispos'd to purchase your Approbation at that Price.

But in general, if you will run over the Elections, you will find, *Wales* stands generally as it did, *England* better, and *Scotland* at least as well; and therefore upon

the whole, I think I may joyn in with those that say, we have a *Whig* Parliament.

But how do you mean, says an Enquirer now, when you say, *Scotland* has chosen as well as before? Why really, Gentlemen, it is not so long since I came from thence, that I should forget, since I must own to you, I was upon the Spot when the Elections were made, and I can venture my say so to it, that of 45 Members chosen for the *North by Tweed Part of Britain*, there are not six that will think themselves scandalized at the Name of a *Whig*, or indict the *Review* for a Slander in saying they are so; and let the Party boast, as I know they did, of their Elections there, before they come on; the *Review* has only this to say to them, may they never choose better, so they never choose worse.

I confess, it was a clever Jest put upon you, Gentlemen, or upon my self, by one of our News-writers in Town lately, I won't say how the Gentleman meant it, who in one of his News-Papers, when I was in *Scotland*, tells you, *D. F. was at Edinburgh, using Arguments with the People there to choose such Members as were well affected to the Queen and Government*. Now it unluckily happened, that this News Paper came out just the very Week, when the *Review* was earnestly pressing you all to choose *Tories* and *High-Flyers*—Whether he took me in the Litteral or Allegorical Sence, I leave that to himself to determine.

I know, it remains a doubt among us in *England*, who are *Whigs* and who *Tories*, who fly *High* and who fly *Low*, I mean in *Scotland*; and really the Divisions there favour of something mysterious, and what perhaps nothing but Time may help us to understand——The Gentlemen there are divided into Squadrons on either side, and what they pursue is hard for every Body to understand, and yet not so hard, but it is understood too; and in Time, if you listen a little, you may hear something of it from your humble Servant, more than you expect.

In the mean time it is acknowledg'd, that the Outside is very mysterious, both sides set up *Whigs*, and both sides set up *Tories*; they

they that would be call'd the *Whig* Party vote for profess'd *Jacobites*, *Whigs* set up *Tories* against *Whigs*; and *Jacobites* take the Oaths to qualify themselves to vote for *Whigs*, and *Tories* set up *Whigs* against *Tories*. In short, it is all a Game of Parties, the Squadrons jostle in Politics where they join in Principle, and join in the Means where they are Opposites in the End; one

Party is particularly called the *SQUADRON*, of whom hereafter *Historically*; the other are called by those again the Court, yet neither are one for the Court, or the other against it, neither are Court and Country, or *Whig* and *Tory*: But—the Mark is private, and the Measures taken to hit it are very unhappy; of which you shall in Time hear farther.

MISCELLANEA.

AND now, Gentlemen, to divert you with a little Variety, shall I give you a new Scene, and tell you a Story, whether it be History or a Parable, let the Issue discover. Walking along your Streets, not long ago near an old Tenement of *Sathan's*, call'd *Westminster-Hall*, I saw two Men standing together, who look'd earnestly at me, and one of them, who it seems knew me by Face, having told the other who I was, he comes after me, and desires to speak with me.

Sir, says he, are you such a Man, naming my Name? —Yes Sir, quo I, at your Service; who *D. F.* says he again, the Author of the *True-Born-Englishman*? Yes Sir, quo I again, very mannerly—What says he again, the same Man that writes the *Review*? The same Sir, quo I again: Says he, here's the Key of my Chamber, Sir, putting his Hand in his Pocket, and fumbling, but did not bring it out—What must I have the Key of your Chamber for, says I, Sir, I do not want a Lodging? —As good as You have, Sir, says he, it was my Good-will to you, however, Sir; you might have accepted it— I thank you, Sir, quo I, but pray what Sort of a Lodging is yours, Sir, that you are so free to part with it? It is a very good Chamber, Sir, in *Bethlehem*; I assure you, it is one of the best in the House. But, Sir, perhaps you may want it yourself, pray do not part with it upon any Account. Truly, Sir, I want it enough, and perhaps as much as any Man alive but yourself; for I have been mad a great while, and am so

still, except now and then a lucid Interval; but I think you are so much madder than my self, that I thought I ought to lend you my Key. That may be, because you are mad that you think me so, quo I, for they say, mad Men think all the World mad but themselves.

Ay, Sir, that is your Case exactly, says the Lunatick, I thought I should catch you now—And are not you a right mad Man, for do you not tell all the World they are mad? To day the *Higb-Flyers* are mad, to morrow the *Whigs* are mad; then the *French* are mad, and every Body has their Turns of Lunacy with you; and what is the Reason of all this now, but only because you are mad your self? Here, here, take the Key of my Chamber, Sir, pray take it, pray take, Mr. *Review*, pray take it.

Review. Well, well, Patience, Patience, stay a little, you have almost perswaded me, that I am mad; but will you hear me a little?

Mad Man. Why there again now, did ever any thing ast madder than you, to bid a mad Man have Patience, and hear you, and stay a little, and such things as that? I told you, you were mad, will you take my Key, I tell you?

Rev. You are not so mad as I, for ought I see; and I am, sure, not so mad as you would have me to be—But pray, why am I to be concluded mad about the *Higb-Flyers*, &c.

M. Why,